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THE WIDOW OF WINDSOR.

BY MARY HARRISON FAWCETT.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. T. MAHER.

WITH A PRACTICAL APPENDIX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

PRICE, VOL. I., 12S.; VOL. II., 12S.

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AT THE CROWN & ANCHOR PRESS,

1880.

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I SAW THE FRUIT OF THE GLASS.

BY MARY HARRISON FAWCETT.

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⇒ L O S T ! ⇐

—OR—

THE FRUITS OF THE GLASS

A TEMPERANCE DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

—BY—

F. L. CUTLER,

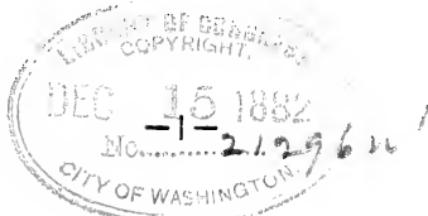
— AUTHOR OF —

That Boy Sam ; Hans, the Dutch J. P ; The Sham Professor ; Lodgings for Two ; The Musical Darkey ; Actor and Servant ; Seeing Bosting ; All's Well that Ends Well ; etc., etc.

With the relative positions of the performers on the stage, entrances and exits, description of costumes, etc. All carefully printed from the original manuscript of the author.

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— CLYDE, OHIO. —

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

LOST, OR THE FRUITS OF THE GLASS.

—o—

— CHARACTERS. —

—o—

George Douglass,	a Drunkard.
Mark Creighton,	a Friend.
Polson,	a Saloon Keeper.
Smith, }	Gamblers.
Harkins, }	
Officer,	
Carrie,	Wife of Douglass.
Mrs. Willis,	a Friend in need

—o—

Costumes Modern.

—o—

Time of performance—One and one half hours.

—o—

— PROPERTIES. —

—

Table, chairs, sewing, bottles, glasses, cigar boxes, saloon fixtures, cards, club, pistol, old bed quilt.

— | —

~~Act~~ FAYETTE WALTZ, mentioned in this play, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents.

—x—x—

— SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS. —

ACT. 1st. *Scene 1st.*—Home of George Douglass—the once happy family—the engagement “down town”—the change and the cause of it—a few plain words—love’s pleading—the infernal temperance humbug—a friend—the situation gone—one who practices what he preaches—the curse of liquor—turned from home—“heaven help me or I shall go mad.”

ACT. 2nd. *Scene 1st.*—Street—the gamblers’ plot to ruin Douglass—falling into the net—boon companions—on the track. *Scene 2nd.*—The gambling saloon—jolly good fellows—the game of cards—cheating—the last cent gone—spurning his best friend—the blow—to jail—dividing the spoils—again to the rescue. *Scene 3d.*—Street—on the road to jail—the villains—the highway robbery.

ACT. 3d. *Scene 1st.*—Creighton’s home—effects of the encounter—the philanthropist—friends in counsel—the sad story—what can be done. *Scene 2nd.*—Street—the drunkard—at the foot of the ladder—a favor asked of an old companion—the murdered landlord—the arrest—attempt at bribery—the friend—forgiven—too late. *Scene 3d.*—The miserable home—the drunkard’s wife—the sleep that knows no waking—too late! Too late!—“Carrie, have you not a word for me?”—the maniac and suicide.

Lost; or the Fruits of the Glass.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—Plain room, table c., chairs etc. Mrs. Douglass plainly but neatly attired, discovered at table sewing. At the rise of curtain soft music. If an organ is used, Fayette Waltz played as above will be found very appropriate.

Enter George Douglass, l., takes his hat from the table, goes to r.

Mrs Douglass. (laying down work) George, dear, don't go out to-night. Please don't go.

Geo. (crossly) Pshaw, Carrie, you certainly can't expect me to be always tied to your apron strings. I told Smith and Harkins that I would be down to-night to see them on some very particular business, and I don't want to disappoint them. I don't see what's come over you of late, you're not anything like you were when we were first married. Then you were happy and contented, and made all around you cheerful, but now your eyes are red with weeping, and you move around the house in a listless manner; you never go out in company, but imprison yourself in the house as though you were ashamed to show yourself on the street. What has brought about this change.

Mrs D. (wiping her eyes) You say there is a change in me, George, and that I am not as I used to be when we were first married. It is true, there is a change in me, and George, is there not also a change in you, since then?

Geo. Certainly not, I am just as I always was. It's just your imagination.

Mrs D. No George, it is not. When we were first married you had a good position, and drew a large salary, kept regular hours, and was in a fair way to become a rich and honored man. What is your situation to-day. (George hangs his head) Forgive me, George, but I must go on. Now you are out of employment, your clothes are seedy. Our money in the bank has vanished; our house and furniture are mortgaged for all they are worth; we have hardly food enough for another day, and yet you ask me why I weep. (putting her arms around his neck) George! George! Stop now before it is too late—before the demon of intemperance gets possession of you, body and soul. Oh, listen to the pleadings of your wife, who loves you better than life itself. May the Lord help you to see your danger and flee from it. George, promise me that you will never touch another drop of liquor.

Geo. (pushing her roughly off) There you go again with your infernal temperance humbug. I tell you I won't have it. Things have come to a pretty pass if I can't take a social glass once in a while without being took to task about it.

Mrs D. (dropping into a chair) George, don't be angry with me. (pleadingly) Stay with me to-night, won't you? I get so lonesome alone.

Geo. (angrily) No use talking, I promised to come down town, and I'm going, and that ends that question. But I'll come home as early as I can.

(exit, r.)

Mrs D. Gone again. Heaven only knows where, or in what condition he will return. Oh that I had the power to save him from destruction,

that I could make him see his danger. How I dread to have him leave me, knowing as I do the cause. Heaven help me to bear my burden.

(*drops her head in her hands and weeps*)

Enter Mrs. Willis, r., neatly attired, shawl over her head and knitting in her hand—she stops astonished.

Mrs Willis. Why, my dear Carrie, what in the world is the matter, you look as though you had lost your best friend.

Mrs D. (drying her eyes) Mrs. Willis I have, or rather he is being taken from me by inches. But take a seat.

Mrs W. (sits) I don't understand you. But where is Mr. Douglass, I did not see him at the store to-day.

Mrs D. Mr. Willis did you not know that—George was—discharged from the—store—several weeks ago—for— (weeps.)

Mrs W. My dear friend, forgive me for causing you pain. I didn't think—I am so sorry.

Mrs D. You were not in the least to blame in saying what you did. My dear friend you spoke to me once in a friendly way about my husband, and I made light of the matter at the time; but your prophecy has come true, George is not the man he used to be, he is in the toils and will not lift a hand to save himself. I have tried to plead with him but he will not listen to me.

Enter Creighton, r., not seen by others.

O that he had some good true friend to advise him, who would bear with him and endeavor to lead him back to the paths of temperance.

Creigh. (advancing) Mrs. Douglass, excuse me, I came in without knocking and unintentionally overheard your last remarks, and I will say that I came here this evening in order to converse with your husband about what I surmise you were speaking of as I came in. But I infer from your remarks that Mr. Douglass is not at home. Can you tell where I will be likely to find him.

Mrs D. How I wish I could tell you. (covers her face)

Creigh. My dear Mrs. Douglass be not so despondent, be hopeful, all will come right yet; George will see his danger before it is too late, and change his ways. Look to the Giver of all good for assistance in, this, your dark hour, and he will give you light.

Mrs D. (rising, and clasping his hand in both of hers) Mr. Creighton how your words cheer me. If George will but listen to you all may yet be well. I wish he was here. But where is he? (turns away)

Creigh. Keep up your spirits, Mrs. Douglass, I am going out in search of him, and hope to soon return with him in my company. And then we will see if we can't open his eyes to his position. (*exit, r.*)

Mrs W. (laying down her knitting) If there ever was a christian in this world Mark Creighton is one. What a worker he is. It seems as though he never sleeps, he is always on the alert to do whatever good he may. But yesterday my husband saw him supporting a poor drunkard, and trying to get him to his home.

Mrs D. He is truly a good man, and may God bless him and speed him on his present errand.

Mrs W. If it is possible for man to succeed he will. (*rising*) Well, I must be going back, Mr. Willis will be home soon and be wanting his supper. I'll drop in and see you again soon.

Mrs D. Do, you are ever welcome. [*exit Mrs. Willis, r., Mrs. D. bowing her head on her hands*] But two short years ago, how happy I was. What a change. My husband, whom I loved and trusted—a drunkard. Our property all gone to satisfy the cravings of that awful appetite, that is devouring its victim by inches. Oh! Heavenly Father, give me strength to bear my cross.

Enter Officer, R.

Officer. Excuse me, madam, but business is business, even if it is rather late in the evening.

Mrs D. [rising] Whatever your business is, will you please to state it.

Off. Certainly. [takes papers from pocket, reads.—First strain of music—Fayette Waltz—very soft and repeated till end of act] By virtue of a certain mortgage given by George Douglass to David Watton, which is due and unpaid, I command you to vacate these premises within twenty-four hours. [places papers back in pocket] Good evening, madam. [exit, R.]

Mrs D. [placing her hand to forehead] Heaven help me or I shall go mad.

[Staggers, falls on her knees beside a chair. Bows her head in her hands

END OF ACT I.

—o—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Street, 1st grooves.

Enter Smith and Harkins, R.

Smith. I guess from appearances our “pigeon” is going to fail us to-night.

Har. Well, it isn’t of much consequence anyway, for we have him about “plucked.”

Smith. That’s all true enough, but he sold some more of his furniture yesterday and got hold of some more money. And we want it, you know, ha, ha.

Har. What a fool the man is, he has run through with about everything he had, turned it into money and then spent it for druk. That is, what we haven’t got. But hist, here he comes now.

Enter George, L.

Smith. Hallo, old boy. [slaps him on the shoulder] How do you find yourself by this time.

Geo. Oh about the same, but most awful dry. Lets go down to Polson’s and try some of that old Jamaica, what do you say.

Smith. Oh you sly dog, Jamaica indeed. Just as though I didn’t know what you want to go down there for, ha, ha. You want revenge.

Har. Of course he does, and its perfectly right he should have it, for one gentleman shouldn’t take advantage of another’s bad luck. Of course the luck’s bound to change, and I don’t expect to be able to hold my own with Douglass in the end; but as long as I have a nickle left I propose to do the square thing. Well, lets go down to Polsons. (all link arms, exit L.)

Enter Creighton, R.

Creigh. (c.) Can it be possible that intelligent men and woman can witness, day after day, scenes such as I have seen this evening, and still allow this accursed liquor traffic to go on. What a total wreck George Douglass must be! Can it be possible that man can in so short a time sink so low. And his wife, God help her in her anguish, how I pity her. Young and beautiful, and but a short time ago so happy, no wonder the poor soul is broken hearted. But I must continue my search for her husband.

(exit, L.)

LOST ; OR THE FRUITS OF THE GLASS.

SCENE II.—Saloon interior, 3d grooves, table L. C., bar R. Shelves with bottles and glasses. Polson behind bar reading newspaper.

Enter Smith, Harkins and George—George drunk.

Geo. (going to bar) How-dy do old boy, give us your flipper. (shake hands) You're a jolly old dog. 'Aint you going to treat, you—hic—see we only stopped five or six times comin' down, an I'm—hic—mos' awful dry—goin' to set 'em up.

Pol. Certainly. (takes down bottle and glasses) Come up, boys, and have something. (all drink, George a full glass, others but little)

Geo. That makes me feel better.

Smith. Harkins, it won't do for us to have anything to do with Douglass to-night, he's feeling too good.

Har. That's about what I think. But then—

Geo. No you don't, you—hic—don't come that on me. Where's the cards. (staggers to table, L., sits with back to door) Come on you fellars, don't—hic—try to play the sneak, if you—hic—do you've got to fight.

(Polson takes cards to table, goes back to bar and reads)

Smith. Well, Harkins, he's bound to have satisfaction, and we might as well give in.

Har. Well come on. (sits at George's right, Smith opposite, Harkins shuffles cards) Come, cut for deal. (places pack on table, all cut)

Geo. Its my deal. (gives hands) What is it—hic—straight or draw.

Smith. Straight by all means. (all look at their hands) I pass.

Har. I'll go a quarter on my hand. (puts down money)

Geo. That's what talks. I'll see your little quarter, and—hic—go a quarter better. (Smith changes one or two cards) What do you do, Smith? (Smith throws down his hand)

Har. I see you and raise it a half.

Geo. I'm with you—hic—how much you raise it, eh?

Smith. Only a half.

Geo. Well, here we go. (takes money from pocket, throws it on table) Talk to that—hic—there's my pile. Now where's your grit.

Enter Creighton, L., discovers George, advances, lays his hand on his shoulder

Creigh. George, in the name of Heaven, have you gone crazy?

Geo. (not recognizing him) Easy there, pard—hic—what you mean by being so—hic—familiar. Better look a little out, yer foolin' with the wrong chicken. (to Harkins) Dy ye see my little pile—hic—what ye do.

Creigh. George, for your own sake listen to me, don't push away your best friend. Put up your money and come with me.

Geo. (angrily) That's enough of your chin music—hic—if you don't want your eyes dressed in mournin'. What do you do, Harkins?

Creigh. My friend, do hear me, I am talking to you for your own good. Won't you listen.

Geo. (Very angry) Listen nothin'. Who the—hic—devil cares for you, I don't, and I—hic—don't want any more of your foolishness.

Enter Officer, L.

Creigh. George, George, think of your poor—

As Creighton begins to speak, Douglass, very angry, throws down his cards, rises and strikes him, Creighton falls, Officer seizes George by collar.

Offi. No you don't, my hearty, I guess I'll take charge of you. I arrest you for disturbing the peace.

Douglass starts, looks at Creighton; recognizes him; places hand to his forehead; drops into a chair; groans.

Geo. Oh, what have I done!

Off. You've done enough to keep you out of mischief for some time to come, that's certain. But come, I must take you with me.
(pulls George to his feet, both exit, L.)

Smith and Harkins divide the money on the table; Smith touches Harkins on the arm, and points with other hand at Creighton; Harkins nods his head, both look at Polson who shakes his head dubiously.

Pol. 'Twon't do here boys.

Creighton shows signs of recovering; groans; raises to a sitting posture, rubs his head then looks around.

Creigh. Where am I—Oh, I remember. (starts to his feet) Oh! George, George! (looks around) But where is he, I don't see him.

Smith. If you allude to Douglas, I guess he's gone home.

Creigh. Thank Heaven for that, its something to get him out of this foul den of iniquity. (seizes his hat, and exit L.)

Smith and Harkins go to the bar, Polson hands down bottle and glasses, all drink, Polson hands Smith club, Harkins and Smith exit L., Polson resumes his reading.

SCENE III.—Street as before. Stage dark.

Enter Officer, R., dragging Douglass.

Off. Come along, my covey, no use to hang back, you've got to go.
(exit, L., dragging George)

Enter Creighton, R., walking slowly, holding hand to his head.

Creigh. (stopping, c.) How my head aches after that unkind blow. I am almost blind, but I must try and overtake Douglass before he reaches home, for in the condition he is in there is no telling what might happen.

Enter Smith and Harkins, R., Smith with club, Smith motions Harkins back, while he tip-toes up behind Creighton, raises club to strike, is discovered by Creighton.

Creigh. (frightened) Murder! Thieves! Help! Police! Police!

Smith strikes him, Creighton falls, Harkins runs to him and searches his pockets, Smith stands with club ready. Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

—o—

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A sitting room well furnished, chairs, table, etc. Creighton discovered at table reading.

Creigh. (laying down his paper and pressing his hand to his forehead) It is surprising how long my head continues to hurt me. The villain struck me a terrible blow. I should be thankful I am still alive. The scoundrels evidently intended to murder me in cold blood, but for the timely appearance of the police. Well, the one called Smith will have plenty of time in serving out his ten year's sentence to repent of his misdeeds, and hereafter lead a different life. But the one that escaped, Harkins I believe he was called, I honestly believe was the worst rascal of the two. Well, it is but

a matter of time, he will get his just dues sooner or later. And George Douglass, I must get out soon and see if I can find him. I refused to appear against him in court and he was discharged, and I have not heard of him since. (*knock at door L.*) Come in.

Enter Mrs. Willis, L.

Creigh. My dear Mrs. Willis you are just the person I wished to see most. Have a chair.

Mrs W. Thank you, Mr. Creighton, but I have not time to stay. I have just come from the bedside of poor Mrs. Douglass, who is laying very sick in a miserable room just a few doors below here. She does nothing but moan and call her husband's name.

Creigh. What, so sick, and her husband not with her? Where is he?

Mrs W. No one seems to know. I have been with Mrs. Douglass for the last twenty-four hours and he has not been home during that time. You see since they were ejected from their home George Douglass has went down hill faster than ever, and his poor wife has been left all alone. Her grief, and the lack of proper nourishment, has undoubtedly been the cause of her illness. But, Mr. Creighton, are you able to go out?

Creigh. Why do you ask that question? If there is anything you want done, and I know from your looks and actions there is, what is it? Speak quickly!

Mrs W. I knew you had not recovered from your recent injuries, but I did not know who else to go to, and the poor woman keep calling in such pitiful tones for George, that I—thought that—

Creigh. (quickly) You thought I would find him and bring him home, and you thought right, I will. (*seizes his hat*) I suppose you will return to Mrs. Douglass?

Mrs W. Most assuredly, I shall not leave her until there is a change for the better, or until she is out of her misery.

Creigh. You think her recovery doubtful?

Mrs W. I do. But had we not better be going?

Creigh. By all means.

(*they exit, L.*)

SCENE II.—Street. George raggedly dressed, enters L.

Enter Harkins, r., is crossing quickly when he is seized by George.

Geo. Hello, old boy, how dy do. What's the hurry?

Har. (*getting loose*) Don't bother me, I'm in a hurry! (*starts off*)

Geo. (*catching him again*) Say, old friend, I'm nearly dead for a good drink. Lend me a half a dollar, just for luck you k now.

Har. Come, Douglass, if you are a friend to me loose your hold. It's a matter of life and death with me.

Geo. Why, what's up? I never saw you in such a flurry before. What's happened?

Har. Douglass, you will not betray me?

Geo. Of course I won't, I never go back on a friend. Wha 's the trouble?

Har. Polson and I had some words a few minutes ago, and we both got angry. (*starts*) What was that?

Geo. Nothing. Your nervous. Well?

Har. And he struck me, and I—I—shot him. I then ran down this street, thinking to escape, when you stopped me. But I must go now, for the officers are on my track ere this. They have been watching for me ever since Smith was caught.

Enter Officer, R., is discovered by Harkins, who starts hastily off, L.

Offi. (presenting pistol) Stop where you are. Don't move a finger or you're a dead man. *(advances to Harkins, who stands trembling, lays his hand on his shoulder)* John Harkins I arrest you for murder.

Har. (frightened) I—I didn't do it, it's all a mistake. Who's killed?

Offi. Oh that's all very fine. But to better enlighten you, I will repeat that I arrest you for murdering Polson, the saloon keeper, in cold blood.

Har. I—I—done it in self defense.

Offi. That remains to be proved. Well, come along, I must take you to headquarters.

Har. Officer, are you a poor man?

Offi. I am. But why do you ask?

Har. (takes out pocket-book) Here is money enough to make you independent for the rest of your days. Take it and let me escape.

Offi. Put up your money. Though poor I hope I am honest, at least, in doing what I know to be my duty as an officer. So come along.

(takes Harkins by collar and leads him off, R.)

Geo. Can it be possible, Harkins a murderer, Smith in the penitentiary, Polson dead. Well, well, what next! *(yawns)* I wish I had a drink, or something to ease this awful headache.

Enter Creighton, L.

Geo. (discovering him—aside) Oh heavens, Mark Creighton here. How can I look him in the face. The truest friend I ever had, and to whose pleadings I have always turned a deaf ear, and when maddened by liquor I struck him a foul blow, even then he refused to have me prosecuted. What brings him here. Has he repented of being so lenient, and has he come to send me to keep company with Smith and Harkins?

Creigh. (advancing) George, my friend, do not shrink away from me, I wish to talk to you on a subject that should deeply interest you, if you will listen to me.

Geo. Do you still call me friend after all that has happened?

Creigh. Certainly I do, George. All you have done to me you have done when you were maddened by that damning poison, and I bear you no ill will. I am as deeply interested in you as ever.

Geo. And you forgive me, Mark Creighton? And is it possible that you still have hopes of saving me from a drunkard's grave?

Creigh. George, you need not ask my forgiveness, for I have nothing to forgive. I still have hopes for you, and always have had. I have thought you would see your error and change your ways before it was too late, and I think you are getting your eyes opened to your position. You have discovered that you are standing on the brink of an awful precipice, but you have hardly the courage to turn back. Am I not right?

Geo. (much affected) You are! you are! To late I see my folly! Oh, that I had the last few years of my life to live over. But it is too late!

Creigh. No my friend, it is never too late to repent. But we are loosing too much time. George, I want you to go with me to your home.

Geo. Home! Oh, the hollow mockery of the word! Home! Once I had a home and a fond wife, but where is that home, and how have I treated that loving companion. Oh, that I had never tasted the hellish poison!

Creigh. George, that wife who still loves you, and who has borne with you through everything, is ill and wishes to see you.

Geo. Carrie sick? How long has she been so—speak.

Creigh. My friend, try and compose yourself. She has been sick several days.

Geo. And I have not been near her. Brute that I am. My sins are too deep for repentance to cleanse.

LOST; OR THE FRUITS OF THE GLASS.

Creigh. George, the worst sinner will be forgiven if he will only repent. Friend, your wife is very sick, in fact, her recovery is doubtful, but if she can be cured I believe you can cure her. But let her know that you have determined to blot the last few years of your life from existance, and you will do her more good than all the doctor's medicine in the world. Will you do this?

GEO. (*seizing Creighton by the hand*) My friend, I will!

Creigh. (*raising his eyes*) Father in Heaven I thank thee.

(*takes George by the arm and exit, R.*

SCENE III.—Cottage interior, all the furniture of poor quality, bed standing diagonally across R. H. corner back, head of bed front; rickety table, c., chair R. F., another at foot of bed, Mrs. Douglass in bed, Mrs. Willis seated in chair at foot of bed weeping.

Enter Creighton and George, L., George stops, Creighton advances.

Creigh. Well, Mrs. Willis, how is our patient by this time?

Mrs. Willis discovers Creighton and George, shakes her head slowly and raises her hand with a warning gesture.

Creigh. (*softly*) Oh, asleep!

Mrs W. (*much affected*) Yes, she is sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. (*drops her head in her hands and weeps*)

Creigh. What. It cannot be! (*runs to bed, touches her cheek with his hand, starts back, clasps his hands in agony, looks again at Mrs. Douglass, then at Douglass, who has been standing quietly, L., then puts his hand to his forehead, staggers, drops into a chair R. F.*) Too late! Too late!

(*bows his head in sorrow—soft music till curtain*)

GEO. (*advancing*) My friends, what mean those silent gestures, and this sudden grief? (*hesitates*) Why do you not speak? Carrie, have you not a word for me? (*goes to bed*) Carrie! (*looks closer*) Merciful Heaven! Do my eyes deceive me? Carrie! Carrie! why do you not speak. (*touches her, staggers back*) Dead! Dead! And I her murderer! Oh, rum! accursed rum, see your work! Oh, villain that I am, to have suffered the truest heart that ever beat in woman's breast to die thus, in misery and wretchedness. If I had my just dues the lowest depths of hell would be my portion. (*starts*) But look, the hellish demons are approaching to claim me for their victim. See! They take upon themselves the form of serpents, and wind me in their slimy folds—I choke—(*throws his arms wildly about*) Back, fiends! I will escape you yet!

(*shoots himself, falls and dies*)

CURTAIN.

NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY.

The Spy of Atlanta.

A grand military allegory in 6 acts, by A. D Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumerary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with the most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will draw, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "ploys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

Act 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly; Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

Act 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

Act 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

Act 5th. Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

Act 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

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An entirely new and original Nautical and Temperance Drama, by the Am-
ateur's favorite author, W. Henri Wilkins, entitled

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There is no doubt but Mr. Wilkins is at this time the most popular writer of plays for Amateur Dramatic Companies in the United States, if not in the world. He is the author of Rock Allen the Orphan, Three Glasses a Day, The Reward of Crime, Mother's Fool, The Coming Man, etc., all of which have been produced by nearly all amateur companies in the United States and Canada. We take much pleasure in presenting now his latest and best drama as above, knowing that it will invariably suit all who purchase it. The characters embrace an old man, 1st. and 2d leading men, villain, two ruffians, and a 'nigger' who is very funny. Those who have produced 'Out in the Streets' will find 'Pepper' in this play, fully as funny as 'Pete' in that. Female characters are a fault-finding old woman, leading, juvenile, and a splendid comedy. The plot is simple, and yet very effective. The serious portions are balanced by the comedy ones, indeed it is the drama Amateurs want. See synopsis below. Price 15c each. Send one cent postage stamps if possible, or 2s and 3s.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werry curis" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

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46	Man and Wife, drama, 3 acts, by H. A. Webster.....	12	7
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88	Mischievous Nigger, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by C. White.....	4	2
34	Mistletoe Bougle, melo-drama, 2 acts, by C. Somerset.....	7	3
69	Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	6	1
1	Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Don T. De Trenha Cosio.....	7	2
23	My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act,.....	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon.....	4	4
99	No Cure No Pay, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin.....	3	1
61	Not as Dear as He Seems, ethiopian farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
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44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambba.....	1	2
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51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert.....	5	3
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45	Rock Allen the Orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5	3
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59	Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwina Tandy.....	2	3
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94	Sixteen Thousand Years Ago, ethiopian farce, 1 act,.....	3	0
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40	That Mysterious bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambba.....	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambba.....	5	2
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67	The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by Geo. S. Vautrot.....	6	1
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93	The Gentleman in Blue, drama, 2 act, W. H. Murray.....	9	4
112	The New Magician, drama, pro 3 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	8	3
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3	3
16	The Sert, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6	3
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